The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—Cicero.

VOLUME VI. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1877. NUMBER 48.

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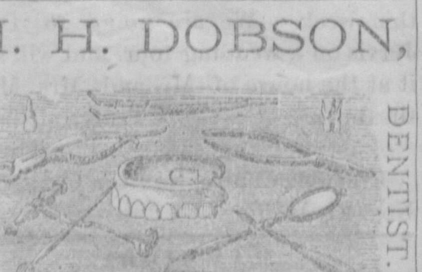

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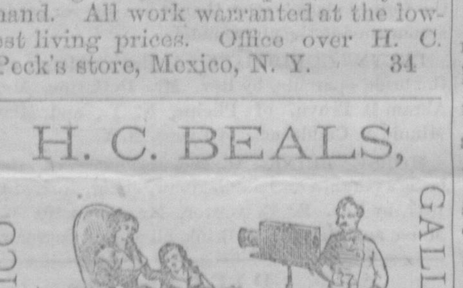

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Subscribe for the Deaf-mutes' Journal—Only $1.50 a year.

POETRY.

THE DEAF-MUTE.

In ages past the deaf and dumb
Were left in ignorance at home;
No Institution then was found
In all the provinces around
Where poor deaf-mutes might gain the knowledge,
Which others learn'd in school or college.

In olden times, if mutes were poor,
They went about from door to door
And made their signs, scarce understood,
And got relief in cash and food,
Or, by the hearth-stone warm and bright,
Received a lodging for the night.

The credulous believed the dumb
Could tell them of events to come,
And cunning mutes soon learn'd to meet,
Their ignorance with dark deceit,
And made their signs to indicate
Their dupes, good fortune, or their fate.

Impostors, also play'd the mute,
Which plac'd the dumb in bad repute,
And many a harsh and cruel freak
Was tried to make the creature speak,
And so, for other's imposition
He had to bear his sad condition.

A purer light has dawn'd at last
To dissipate the darken'd past;
Philanthropy with willing hands
Has rais'd in this and other lands,
Her noble monuments to prove
That mutes now share their fondest love.

Thus God's afflicted ones are sought
And then with skill and patience taught,
The law of God, the rule of life,
And fitted for this mortal strife,
That they by true philosophy
May learn to live, and learn to die.

Quebec. S. Moore.

STORY TELLER.

PARADISE LOST.

(From an Old Magazine.)

"My knapsack was on my shoulder"—

So said Armand, a young artist, when a little company of us were sitting together the other evening.

"My knapsack was on my shoulder, my ashen stick in my hand; three leagues of dusty road had whitened me like a miller. Whence I came, whither I was going—what matters it. I was not twenty years of age. My starting point, therefore, was home; my goal was Paris—an earthly paradise I could find. The country was not particularly picturesque, and the weather was very hot. Great undulations of harvest-laden fields rolled irregularly on all sides. Here was a hamlet; there a solitary farm house; yonder a wood; on each eminence a windmill. Some peasants that were in the fields sang, and the birds chirped at them as if in mockery. One or two wagons, dragged by oxen and horses, slowly moved along the tree-bordered road. I sat down on a heap of stones. A wagoner gruffly asked me if I was tired, and offered me a 'lift.' I accepted, and soon was stretched out in the cart and jolted into an uneasy half-slumber, not without its charm, with the bells of the lazy team softly jingling in my ears until I thought fifty silver voices were calling me away to a home that must be bright and a land that must be beautiful."

"I awoke in a mood sufficiently benign to receive an apology. The man had forgotten me when he turned off the high road, and had taken me half a league into the country. Where was the harm, honest wagoner? I am not going anywhere. I am only going to 'Paradise.' There was no village by that name in the neighborhood, he said, but he had no doubt I would be pleased to see the grounds of the chateau. Of course, I had come on purpose for that. I handed him his *pour-boire.* 'Drink my health, good man, and injure your own. Let us see these grounds.' The man showed me through a meadow near the farm (to which he belonged), and left me, tossing the silver piece I had given him in his hand. I soon observed that the place was worth seeing."

"A hasty glance showed it to be a fragment of wild nature, occupied in its original state, and barricaded against civilization. There were woods and solitary trees, and lakes and streams of sufficient dimensions for grandeur; and when once the wall disappeared amid the heavy foliage I could at first discern no traces whatever of the presence of man. However, on closer examination, I discovered that nature had been improved upon; that all objects which might ungraciously intercept the view or deform a landscape had been removed. There were no sham ruins nor artificial cascades, but the stranger's steps were led, by some ingenious process of plantation, insensibly to the best points of view. I felt and was thankful for the presence of the art which so industriously endeavored to conceal itself; but being at that time as most young men are, inclined to compare great things with small—thinking to be epigrammatic and knowing—I exclaimed aloud: "The toilet of this park has been admirably performed."

"'A vulgar idea, vulgarly expressed,' said a clear, firm voice above me. I looked up, thinking that somebody was hidden in the tree; and to my surprise, saw a young woman upon a fine, large horse, holding a riding-whip playfully over my head. She had approached across the turf unheard, and had heard my exclamation, which I assure you was meant for no ears but my own."

"'Madam,' replied I, when I had recovered from my confusion, 'I think you misunderstand me. There is no vulgarity in comparing a prospect in which ever superfluity is thus tastefully pruned away to a woman who instead of loading herself with ornaments, uses the arts of the toilet to display all her beauties to the best advantage.'"

"'The explanation will not do,' she replied; 'It wants frankness. Your phrase simply meant that you were ashamed of the admiration this view had at first excited, and that you thought it necessary to exert the manly privilege of contempt. If I had not seen you yonder using your sketchbook I should take you for a traveling hair-dresser.'"

"The tone and manner of my new acquaintance puzzled me exceedingly, and I was at first rather irritated by the hostile attitude she assumed on such slight grounds. It was evident she wished to provoke an intellectual contest; for at the moment, I did not understand that it was her desire to suppress the formalities of an introduction. I returned to the charge. She replied. A broadside of repartee was fired off on either side; but insensibly we met upon common grounds, affectation was discarded, and as we streamed irregularly along the swardy avenues, or stopped at the entrance of a long vista—she gently walking her docile genet, I with my hand upon its mane—we made more advances toward familiarity and friendship in an hour than would have been possible under any other circumstances in a season."

"Let me describe my impressions as I received them. Otherwise, how will the narrative illustrate the theory? I am endeavoring to show by example what an immense structure of happiness may be built on very flimsy ground: that the material sequence of this life's events need have no correspondence with the sequence of our sentiments; that—but I must not anticipate."

"The lady, dressed in green riding-habit, was remarkably handsome, as this miniature will show."

And Armand drew a small case from his breast.

"It was made from memory, but I will answer for its exactitude."

"We all know the face well enough, my friend," quoth Prevost; "it reappears in most all your pictures, like Raphael's Fornarina. Last year you made it do duty for Medea; this year, modified to suit the occasion, it will appear in the Salon as Charlotte Corday. Why have you so carefully avoided that type in your Juliet and your Heloise? One would imagine that instead of being associated with pleasant recollections it suggested nothing but strife violence and despair."

"Were that the case, you know," quoth Armand, with feigned sprightliness, "my theory falls to the ground; and, in telling you my story, I am only impertinently taking advantage of your good nature to make a confession, and thus ease a somewhat troubled mind. Listen to the end; it is not far off."

"We reached a grotto on the border of a little lake, where, to my surprise, an elegant breakfast was laid out. There were two seats placed ready, and Fifine, the maid, was there to serve. We partook of the meal together, talking of everything except ourselves, but thinking of nothing else. Once or twice a reflection on the oddity of this reception flitted across my mind; but I thought that I had fallen in with some eccentric mistress of the castle—such as one reads of in middle-age romances—who was proud to give hospitality to a wandering artist. The lady called me Hector, and I called her Andromache; and, under the influence of some generous wine that came in with the dessert, I went so far as to declare that my love for her was unbounded and that she must be my bride. I was thrown into ecstasies of delight by the frank reply that it only depended upon me to fix the day! What follies I committed I scarcely recollect; but I know that Fifine scolded me, and said that for a well-educated young man I was dreadfully forward."

"What a delightful half-hour was that which succeeded! The entrance of the grotto was wreathed with vines. The ripples of the lake broke upon a little beach of sand that seemed of gold dust; the path by which we had come along ran at the foot of a precipice for about thirty yards, and then climbed a steep bank; the expanse of water—possibly it was merely a large pool, but these things magnify in memory—nestled at the feet of some lofty wooded slopes, which, with the pure blue sky, it reflected. We sat side by side, hand in hand; but Fifine, whose notions of propriety were extremely rigid, expostulated vehemently. I whispered that she ought to be sent away, and Andromache was, perhaps of my opinion, but she did not venture to agree with me aloud. Thus the hour passed in silent happiness, for our hearts soon became too full for words, and I solemnly declare that to spend such another day I would discount ten years of my existence."

"As evening drew near and I began to dream of the delights of a twilight stroll along the margin of the lake, Fifine pitilessly suggested an adjournment to the chateau. The words grated harshly on my ear. I had almost pictured to myself the lady as a dryad or a nymph, living ever amidst trees and grottoes. But prosy Fifine carried her point, and in half an hour we were in a saloon of a most comfortable modern dwelling, furnished with Parisian elegance. Several very common-place servants stared at me as I entered. My romantic ideas at once, received a shock. Five minutes afterwards a post-chaise rolled up to the door, and a stout old gentleman, accompanied by a tall, handsome young man, issued therefrom."

"Why should I give you the ludicrous detail of the explanation? Andromache was betrothed to M. Hector Chase, but she had never seen him. Her father, a wealthy naturalist, had gone that day to meet the bridegroom at a neighboring town. The young lady, who was of a romantic disposition, had descried me in the dark and had fancied this was a pre-arranged surprise. She had got up the breakfast in the grotto, and had made my acquaintance as I have related. I answered to the name of Hector; she naturally retorted Andromache. This was the whole explanation of the mistake. 'I was overwhelmed with shame when the father and the real Hector with vociferous laughter undeceived me, and the young lady herself went away in tears of vexation."

"For a moment I hoped I had produced an ineffaceable impression; but I was soon undeceived. In my mortification I insulted Hector. A hostile meeting was the result. I received a severe wound, and lay a long time helpless in a neighboring hamlet. Still my love was not cured. Even when I heard that the marriage had been celebrated, I persisted in looking upon the bride as my Andromache; but when Mme. Duclique, her cousin, came to see me she destroyed all my illusions. Andromache, she said, though with much affectation of romance, was a very matter-of-fact personage, and remembered our love passage only as a ridiculous mistake."

"She had married Hector not only without repugnance, but with delight. He brought her everything she desired—a handsome person, a fine fortune, an exalted position—and she was the first to joke on the subject of that poor counterfeit Hector.'"

"This interview cured me at once. I discovered that I was strong enough to leave the Paradise I had lost. Mme. Duclique, an amiable and beautiful person, gave me a seat in her carriage and drove me to the town of Arques. I feel grateful to my Andromache for having impressed upon my mind an enduring form of beauty."

"Let us drink her health!"

"THE HOME."

The Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes at 200 East 13th St., New York, held its annual reception and sale on Wednesday, the 14th inst. From the opening at 11 a. m. to the close at 10 p. m., the rooms were filled.

During the afternoon the hearing and speaking friends of the Home were in the majority. Among the deaf-mute visitors were Mrs. Carlin, Mrs. Sip, Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Newell and others.

In the evening the rooms were crowded, principally by deaf-mutes. At times it was impossible to move two steps without a good deal of wriggling. The best of harmony prevailed throughout. Mutual recognitions were numerous, and hand-shaking was indulged in to a great extent.

Among those present, we noticed Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and daughter, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Prof. Job Turner, Mr. H. C. Rider, Messrs. Currier, Hodgson, Clemens and Taiff, of the New York Institution, together with about a dozen pupils, among them Messrs. Reynolds, Eddy, Fox, Eckhardt, Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Knox, Miss S. C. Howard, mother and brother, Miss Isham, Miss Gray, Messrs. Heyman, Godfrey, Klingman, Schloss and many others.

On a table, extending the whole width of the front parlor, were arranged in tempting profusion the articles which had been kindly donated by friends. Among them were a beautiful oil painting, by Mr. John Carlin, framed, valued at $60. The frame was furnished by Mr. Haight. A very pretty bronze clock, worth $15.00, a water lily in wax, under a glass, two drawings and various fancy articles, by pupils of the institution, a chromo and several pictures, fancy and ornamental, and useful articles too numerous to mention were also on the table.

There were plenty of refreshments and the visitors had but to take a seat at one of the tables in the dining-room, order what suited the fancy, from a written bill of fare, and very soon they were served. The viands were generous in quantity, excellent in quality and to be had at moderate prices.

The small articles found a ready sale, and most of them were disposed of; what remained will be reserved for the Fair of St. Ann's Church next spring. The high priced articles, with a few exceptions, were sold in shares. A certain number of shares were determined on for each, and the price per share was according to the value of the article. When all the shares were subscribed for, slips of paper bearing numbers corresponding to each share, were placed in a bag, and well shaken up. Then one of the young ladies present put in her hand, and drew out the lucky number.

This proceeding was watched with interest by all, and especially by those who had subscribed. When the lucky numbers were made known, the winners were overwhelmed with congratulations.

In this way, Miss Lewis of the Institution secured the Bronze clock, worth $15, by means of a twenty-five cent share. Mr. F. Klingman took the water lily, in wax, valued at $2, in a five cent share. Mr. E. H. Currin won a chromo and presented it to the Home, Mr. Hodgson carried off one of the drawings, by pupils of the institution, Miss S. C. Howard, a motto, Mr. Wolfe Roin a porcelain stand.

The total amount cleared was $114, and the net proceeds $94,67.

The time was passed very pleasantly by all. The inmates mingled with the visitors, and it was a pleasure to witness their delight at seeing so many of their friends—friends not only by word and outward token, but friends indeed. Every body felt at home, and all were rather surprised when the clocks and watches pointed to the hour of 10, the time of closing. Adieus were said, compliments passed, and soon the rooms were cleared to all but those who had to remain.

Those who were present went home well satisfied that the home is worthy of the most generous support.

There is not one inmate who is not entitled, by reason of his or her infirmities, to the places they occupy.

The deaf-mutes all over the land should bear in grateful remembrance the names of Miss Jane Middleton and Miss Jane Seymour. These estimable ladies give the use of the furniture of the Home, and their services, without any fee or reward, and have done so for the past five years. A glance at the condition of the Home, or a talk with the inmates, will disclose the fact that they do their work as thoroughly as though they were paid high salaries. They are loved by those under their care and, I doubt not, their names will go down to succeeding generations of deaf-mutes, honored and blessed.

Deducting the proceeds of the sale, the Home is about $300 in arrears for rent. No other debts are outstanding.

To meet current expenses, the Home depends almost entirely on individual donations, occasional collections in churches in different parts of the country, and the annual reception sales. There are many deaf-mutes here and there who are blessed with plenty and to spare. Will they remember now and then their brethren who are not so fortunate, and contribute something for the Home? They cannot give too much, and every dollar secured is sure to push the good work along a little. Dr. Gallaudet will gratefully receive and acknowledge every contribution for this purpose.

The building fund now amounts to about $5,000, and is at interest. May the time soon come when the amount will be large enough to warrant the purchase of ground, and the building of a permanent Home. When such time arrives those who gave their mites will be able to look up and say that they did their part towards its erection. May the number able to say that, be Legion.

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EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

HOW THEY ARE MADE—THE DISADVANTAGES OF USING THEM.

(From the New York Times Nov. 12.)

The war now raging in the east has assumed so much the character of a war of extermination that any question as to the kind and quality of the missiles employed sinks into comparative insignificance; nevertheless, from time to time each combatant has complained that the other has used explosive bullets. These missiles seem to be peculiarly objectionable to the military authorities, and it is worth while to inquire what an explosive bullet really is, for, though the term has been freely used, the ideas connected with it are probably somewhat vague. The bullets in question have been used by sportsmen for many years, and their effects on animals have been thoroughly tested. They are, of course, made of lead and cast in a mould of such a form that the bullets instead of being solid throughout, have a cylindrical hollow extending from the apex nearly to the base. The hollow is filled with gunpowder, which is capped with an explosive mixture consisting of chlorate of potash, oxide of antimony, and sulphur. A plug of wax fills up the orifice and forms the apex of the bullet, and a little spirit varnish over the wax makes the "shell" complete. This bullet is tolerably safe to handle, though a blow on the apex will, as a matter of course, produce an explosion. When projected from a rifle and meeting with a resisting substance, the bullet explodes, and forms an irregularly-shaped, more or less jagged, piece of lead, from which portions may fly off. If it strikes the soft parts, say of a limb, it may penetrate an inch or two before it bursts, and in that case the aperture of entrance differs in no respect from that of an ordinary bullet; the aperture of exit, however, will form a large, irregular wound, perhaps as large as a crown piece. Such a bullet striking the thorax or abdomen is likely to lodge and produce very speedily fatal results, owing to the shock and hemorrhage which it causes. In sporting parlance, such a bullet has great "stopping" qualities, but in a military point of view it has certain disadvantages. It will not ricochet, for it bursts on striking the ground; it would very rarely injure more than one man, as its onward movement is checked by the explosion; it is not suitable for long ranges, its flight not being so steady as a bullet of uniform composition; and lastly, its use involves a certain amount of danger. Why it should be objected to on grounds of humanity is somewhat difficult to conceive. The wounds inflicted from fragments of shells fired from guns of a larger calibre are often much more extensive and horrible than any that could possibly be caused by explosive rifle bullets. If a line must be drawn somewhere, it surely would be more logical and more humane to exclude the greater missiles, for the smaller ones have disadvantages of their own, such as are likely to prevent them from ever being brought into common use in warfare.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

THE QUEER ANONYMOUS LETTERS THAT ARE SENT TO THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

From the N. Y. Herald.

One of the special accounts kept at the custom house is popularly designated, "The Smugglers' Conscience Fund." The account is made out monthly, and sometimes amounts to thousands of dollars. Last month it was only $43.30. The money is received from those who have cheated the government out of its just revenue. Some of the correspondence affords an interesting insight into the mysteries of smuggling. In one letter, written in a woman's hand, enclosing $25, the writer says that she brought some goods with her from Paris a few years ago, on which she did not pay the duties. She had the goods in her trunk, and when a custom house officer examined it on her, she told him that it contained only clothing which she had worn. The officer said that in that case they were not dutiable, and let her take them away. She omitted to inform the officer that the only time she had worn the dresses was when she tried them at the dressmaker's in Paris.

"Banker" writes as follows:

In 1873 I returned from Havana, bringing with me 500 cigars as a present to some of my friends. I had them packed away in the bottom of my trunk, under my clothing. I told the Custom House Inspector, when he came to look at the trunk, that it contained no dutiable goods, and he merely opened the trunk and closed it again without making any search. I did not have the least suspicion then that the cigars were dutiable, as they were only intended for presents. Since then I have heard that I was just as much liable to pay duty on them as if I had fetched them here for sale. Please find enclosed $20, which I hope is enough to pay what I owe the government.

A "Captain" remitted $40 as a penalty for his trade in smuggled goods. He said that when he engaged in the smuggling it was a common practice for masters of vessels to smuggle goods from European ports and sell them here at a great profit. He further said that the profits from smuggling was one of the inducements held out to officers when they were employed, and that shipowners were constantly looking to them for smuggled presents.

A "Merchant" forwarded $100, confessing that he had been engaged in undervaluing goods.

An "ex-customs officer" sent a conscience offering of $50, because he had got dresses for his wife, cigars, liquors and other articles from the ocean steamers free of duty.

One of the earliest of the anonymous letters received is as follows:

"My husband and self visited Europe not long ago, and I bought several hundred dollars' worth of goods in Paris and London to bring home with me. When we sailed from Liverpool for New York one of my friends told me I would have to pay the government a big sum on my dresses. I thought it would be nice to cheat Uncle Sam, as I did not know what right he had to make me pay him for my clothes. Accordingly I got one of my lady friends on the steamer to hide some of the articles in her trunk, among her old clothes. I also placed some in the bottom of my husband's trunk unbeknown to him, and the remainder I hid in my own trunk. When we arrived, a polite officer approached me and said, 'Did you bring any dutiable goods with you, madam?' I said, 'No, sir,' in the most innocent way possible. 'Are you quite certain, madam?' he said. 'Yes, sir, I am quite certain; I have got only my old clothes with me.' He lifted the lid of my trunk and just looked inside, but did not discover anything. Afterward I was given a paper to sign. I did wrong, I know, but I was told that almost everybody acted like me."

Accompanying the letter was a fifty dollar greenback.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Rumored Cutting Down of Salaries at the New York Institution.

We learn, upon apparently good authority, that the salaries of every employe in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, have been reduced ten per cent. It is a pity if true, and one naturally inquires, if so, why? The last report of the institution, ending August 31, 1876, showed a cash balance of over twenty thousand dollars, and an investment in a city bond of fifty thousand dollars. If all this has been run through with, and the school brought down to that penury which necessitates such a cutting down, then the whole aspect is deplorable. Or is it only one of the steps to get back to the five-hour system? If so, a dozen additional teachers will be needed, and just now that number cannot be secured of men who are worth their salt. But it is idle to speculate any more on unofficial reports. We hope to get early information contradicting the rumor.

IMPROVE YOUR PASSING MOMENTS.

Let not a day pass without being able to name something useful accomplished, even though it be a *small* thing.

Moments spent in doing some noble work, if it be but little, bring to the remembrance of the doer a sense of happiness and self-consolation, and a satisfied feeling that the world is "the better for it," while a day uselessly spent produces a feeling of discontent, not only with one's self, but with everybody else. To be able at the close of each day to call to mind some good deed performed, is a reward sufficient to pay for the exertion put forth, and it is a matter for rejoicing to know that we are not living in vain.

A day spent entirely in frivolous amusements, without materially benefiting yourself or any one else, is a day worse than uselessly squandered. No matter where may be your abiding place, nor what your occupation, each hour has its opportunities which may be used for the performance of some duty that will either improve your own condition, or contribute to the welfare of some one else.

"Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." Seize the present moment, and not wait till to-morrow, for the performance of some useful service.

We were not put here upon the earth for our own narrow, selfish gratification alone, nor to leave the world worse than it was when we entered it. The wheels of time never turn backward, but are always bearing us onward to the close of life's short journey: therefore be up and doing, and rightly use the moments as they pass.

Street "Arabs" Abusing an Old Deaf-mute.

The Providence Evening *Press* of Nov. 19th last says: "One day last week a man eighty-two years of age, a deaf-mute, was engaged in removing some drift wood from the shore, where he had placed it, some fifteen or twenty feet up a bank where he had left a wheelbarrow. Some street Arabs living in the vicinity, watching their opportunity when the old gentleman's back was turned, tumbled the wheelbarrow down the bank, and when he had, with much labor on his part, dragged it up and had it partly filled with wood and had gone down the bank again, repeated the operation. Mischievousness is to a certain extent excusable in boys; but this was an instance of pure "cussedness" which reflects no credit on those to whom the aitrning of the boys had been entrusted. One is led to wish, in view of the enormity of the offense, that the old scene of the forty and two bears that came out of the woods and slew the scoffers at Elisha might have been enacted in this instance, also; or at least that the boys might have been arrested, taken to the police station and reprimanded."

The deaf-mute above referred to is George Comstock, one of the American Asylum's oldest pupils, a gentleman widely known in Rhode Island and other parts, highly respected by many friends and acquaintances, and his name is familiar to the readers of our paper. His ill treatment is deserving of the most bitter censure, and his tormentors merit the severest punishment that the law can inflict on juvenile children who delight in playing their mischievous pranks on the poor and aged.

THANKSGIVING.

How much of eloquence, and how great meaning is conveyed by the announcement that "to-morrow is thanksgiving." There is music in the word, and there is also much to cause reflection. While the time-honored and hallowed associations of the day bring joy to thousands, and the re-union of families, kindred, and friends around the social hearthstone, we are not to forget the source from whence come all the blessings we enjoy; and duty demands that we should kindly remember those who are poor and helpless. While we publicly acknowledge God's bounteous mercies shown us during the past year, we should freely contribute thank-offerings for the benefit of those whose larders are destitute of the means of supplying scarcely a hunger-satisfying meal.

Correctly interpreted, the term "Thanksgiving Day" means something more than loud-mouthed praises, and wider mouthed gorging of nature's dainty luxuries. While a proper religious observance of the day is not only a duty, but should also be considered a privilege, and while the old-established and revered practice of the customary family gatherings, re-unions, and rich feasting are beautiful to contemplate and deserving of high regard, the day is also to be regarded as one for more than ordinary practical philanthropy and charitable Christianity. A love of humanity demands that we contribute according to our ability and opportunity towards making the indigent partakers of the substantial features of the day, and then shall we enjoy a more liberal view of the day as we gather around our richly-laden tables, and eat of their sumptuousness with much thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING PRESENT.

Our friend Mr. Hiram L. Ball, of this town, has done his duty, at least as far as the printer is concerned. Not forgetting to couple generosity with thankfulness, on Tuesday he brought us a very appropriate and acceptable present, consisting of three nice chickens, wherewith to ornament our table on thanksgiving day. Although our friend Ball is an unmarried man, and does not as yet boast of possessing a "biddy," we doubt not his right to *adopt* "chickens" belonging to other people, and in turn to present them to printers. Our hearty thanks are due Mr. Ball, and as long as he remembers *poor* printers we shall remember *fat* chickens.

THE FOOL-KILLER IN CAMDEN.

The papers in this vicinity for several weeks past have mentioned the doings of a glib-tongued fellow who sells worthless jewelry at very low prices, gives back the money; sells more at a higher figure, and again returns what he gets; sells more at a higher price still, conveying the idea he will still refund the money, then pockets the stamps and scoots. Recently he took $100 out of Pulaski, $75 out of Sandy Creek, etc. Yesterday he came to Camden, and commenced operations from a buggy in front of the post-office. He commenced with a ten cent bait, and worked along up, each time returning the money after four or five had purchased. Finally he put up some $2 and $2.50 lots, selling five or six. Then gathering up the money, and smiling benignly on the crowd, he remarked, "Gentlemen, I'm afraid if I return this money I shall never see a d——d cent of it again. I'm afraid you'd all laugh at me and dide out. Wouldn't you? I think I'd better quit right here. God bless you! Good day, gentlemen." And he drove off. Just so long as people will be gulled, just so long will such fellows find it an easy matter to make a living, although the newspapers expose them every day.—*Camden Advance*, Nov. 22, 1877.

[We presume it was the same fellow who sold some of his worthless jewelry here, and also sold several of our citizens, a few weeks since.—ED. JOURNAL.]

CHURCH SERVICES.

Rev. A. W. Mann's appointments for services for the month of December:

2d—CHICAGO, Chapel of St. James' Church.

7th—DAYTON, O., Chapel of Christ Church.

9th—CINCINNATI, Chapel of St. John's Church.

11th—Attend Convocation at Toledo, O.

16th—ST. LOUIS, Mo., Chapel of Christ Church.

23d—PITTSBURG, Chapel of Trinity Church.

25th—CLEVELAND.

30th—CLEVELAND, Grace Church.

Appointments for some months next year will soon be ready for publication.

Job Turner To Officiate in Mexico December 16th.

We take pleasure in announcing that the venerable Prof. Job Turner, the missionary to the deaf and dumb, will, God willing, visit the deaf-mutes in this village and vicinity, and that he will preach a sermon for their benefit in Grace Church, in this village, at 3 P. M., on Sunday, the 16th of December next. This being the first visit to this part of the country by Prof. Job Turner, who is well known as a true friend of deaf-mutes, and a zealous worker for the cause of Christ among our people, we sincerely hope and confidently trust that he will receive a cordial greeting, and be welcomed by a good congregation.

Another Fire--Great Mystery.

About four o'clock this (Wednesday) morning the cry of fire was heard in our village, and the ringing of the Engine House and M. E. Church bells soon followed. The fire proved to be in J. C. Taylor's drug store.

Moses Furney and family live back of Mr. Furney's barber shop over Rosenbloom's store, in the Webb block, in which block is Taylor's store, two doors east of Rosenbloom's. The smoke awoke some of Furney's family; he went down and awoke Will Spooner, Taylor's clerk, who slept in the store, and who in turn awoke Will Morgan, who is clerking for H. C. Peck & Son, and sleeps in the store, which is also in the Webb block; a general alarm was given in the mean time. Many of the citizens heard nothing of the fire till seven or eight o'clock. Quite a crowd, however, soon collected, the Engine hose was introduced into Taylor's store and the fire was quickly extinguished.

The next thing to be considered was the cause of the fire. Here comes in the mystery. The front door, rear door and windows were found to be firmly locked and bolted as Spooner left them. From the back room two doors open, one to the chamber stair-way, the other to the cellar stair-way next to the partition between the front and back rooms of the store. The two doors are nearly together, one stair-way being above the other. The cellar door, which, is, as well as the outside doors, firmly fastened, was left by Spooner secured by a heavy bar. That door, it appears, was found open, and the fire, evidently kindled by an incendiary, at the foot of the cellar stairs, ascended and burned a large opening through the partition between the stair-ways and the front part of the store.

Taylor has no doubt as to the incendiary character of the fire, and, apparently, he and others who have thoroughly examined the premises see much to corroborate the suspicion. A barrel of kerosene oil in the back room had been tapped by a gimlet and the contents ran out on the floor, but fortunately the fire did not get to it.

Undoubtedly, had the discovery of the fire been half an hour later the conflagration would have been terrible, and perhaps there would have been a loss of life or lives attending it.

At the head of the cellar stairs was quite a quantity of dry wood, which, with a large amount of combustible material in the back room, and its floor flooded with kerosene oil, seemed a well-selected place for kindling a great conflagration. The gimlet which belongs to the store, was found near the tapped cask of kerosene.

By whom the torch was applied and, how he gained access to the inside of the store, and when he made his egress from it are a strange mystery; but it is hoped that circumstances will develop traces of evidence, which will bring the diabolical perpetrator to swift and condign punishment.

The object in firing the building scarcely appears to have been plunder, as there was no appearance of burglary, save one or two trifling articles, found lying on the ground outside of the store this morning.

Willing hands carried and dashed on water, Mr. Almeron Thomas' force pump was brought into use and the fire was soon nipped in the bud, and we hear of no mishaps or accidents, except one of Will Spooner's hands being somewhat cut and bruised by crashing through Will Morgan's window to awake him from his heavy slumbers.

DEAF-MUTES AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR.

In response to the invitation of the Managers of the American Institute Fair, on Third avenue between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets, New York, to the deaf and dumb graduates of the various institutes of this State, a good number of these children of silence, residing in this section of the city as well as the western section assembled in the large and commodious Institute building which was handsomely decorated with flags and emblems. There were plenty of good and useful things to be purchased, examined, and looked upon, but the most laughable incident that occurred there on Monday evening last was caused by one of the deaf-mutes, who was surrounded by a dozen eyes of those who are blessed with both the hearing and speaking facilities while he and a couple of his friends were innocently talking about the telephone. After he had recovered his full strength and presence of mind, all of which he had lost by the continuous gaze of the other class of curiosity-seeking mortals who seemed to prefer the deaf-mute signs to the Fair's curiosities, he went to the telephone office and took one of the tubes out of the operator's hands and nimbly placed it to his ear, but knowing that he could not hear what passed through the wonderful instrument, he softly removed the tube and holding it he shook his head. The female operator not knowing he was deaf, took the tube and tried to see if it was out of order, but finding it was not, she put it to her ear to ascertain if those in another office were talking. Meanwhile the deaf-mute stood silent and received the stern gaze of his curious admirers. The lady operator handed the tube back to him and he, for the second time, placed it to his ear, but shortly returned it, and shook his head, at the same time drawing a paper and pencil from his pocket and wrote to the operator: "Can the telephone be of any use to a deaf-mute?" The young operator blushingly wrote: "No, none at all." Then he wrote: "Prof. Bell's wife is a deaf and dumb lady and still I don't see why he did not make the telephone to be useful to her." The curious lookers-on burst into a hearty laughter while the young damsel's face turned as red as a boiled lobster.—*Brooklyn Gazette, Nov.* 17.

THE FALL OF KARS.

An official Russian dispatch, dated Veran Kalch, Sunday, Nov. 18th, says: The Russians carried Kars to-day by storm. The battle preceding the capture commenced at 8 o'clock last night and terminated at 9 o'clock this morning. Our trophies and loss are at present unknown. The fortress and city of Kars, with three hundred cannon, stores, ammunition, etc., have fallen into Russian hands. The Turks lost five thousand killed and wounded, ten thousand prisoners and many flags. The Russian loss is about 2,700. The Russian soldiers made but trifling booty, and spared peaceful citizens, women and children. Gen. Louis Melikoff directed the battle during the day. Grand Duke Michael was present also. The former entered the city at 7 o'clock Sunday morning.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Dec. 2d.

The Psalter for the 2d day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah I.
2d Lesson—Luke I, to verse 39th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah II.
2d Lesson—Romans X.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday in Advent.

Sunday, Dec. 9th.

The Psalter for the 9th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah V.
2d Lesson—Luke I, verse 39th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XXIV.
2d Lesson—Romans XII.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday in Advent.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

A boy from the Illinois Institution took a short tramp the other day.

COMPLIMENTS come from the Insane Asylum to the Kansas Institution.

A base ball club from the Illinois Institution, whipped a local college nine on a recent Saturday. Score 13 to 6.

A deaf-mute farmer and his wife, aged respectively 80 and 48 years, live out west on 200 acres of fine Illinois land.

THE *Star* twinkles with both its eyes and wants to know if in the Michigan Institution diet, dried apple pies preponderate.

THE Illinois Institution flag floated at half mast on the occasion of the death and funeral of the late Senator Morton.

DR. Gallaudet stopped over a train at Rome, Nov. 15, while on his way west, and visited the Central New York Institution.

"STURDY understandings." Yea, verily, man of the *Mirror.* It's an awfully lucky thing for you that you live out west.

AN Illinois deaf-mute, who worked in a plow factory, has invented a combined ladder and folding chair. Don't see the connection.

A collection of $31,75 for the Home was taken at the recent deaf-mute services in Montreal, at which Dr. Gallaudet was present and assisted.

THE Kansas Insitution boys mean to have some fun this winter. They have banked up their reservoir and are patiently awaiting a freeze.

AN Illinois Institution teacher decorates her school-room with pictures and vases of flowers and plants. She also keeps a canary handy.

AT last accounts the "devil" of the Kansas *Star* was "not feeling very well" and had to be relieved. We like to know it when devils get sick.

SUNDRY fifty cent bits are dropping into the coffers of the *Mirror.* Do subscribers send that denomination of shin-plasters known as "filthy lucre?"

THE friends of James Simpson, of the New York High Class, who has been lost sight of for some time, have discovered that he is rusticating on a farm in Michigan.

EDWIN Frost is a deaf-mute of whom some at the New York Institution have a lively recollection. He lives in Cleveland, Ohio, and is described as a "nobby gentleman".

THIEVES broke into the residence of clerk Hines, of the Illinois Institution, and it is presumed they stole enough to pay for their trouble, though the account don't say so.

THE days have dawned upon us in the saddest of the year; and a little too hot for whiskey, and a little too cold for beer.—*Kansas Star.*

Oh, dear!

OUT west has got it—the teachers' convention, at Columbus, Ohio, August 18, 1877. If anything goes wrong out there the *Mirror* man will break his heart because he can't lay it to down east.

OCCASIONALLY we hear of a deaf-mute pupils' parents pulling up stakes and removing to the vicinity of his institution, so as to be near him. Such a case has happened at the Illinois Institution.

FRANK F. Andrews and W. A. Ranspach, are graduates of the Michigan Institutions, who work, the one in a planing mill, a and the other in a grocery store, keeping books. Hurrah for the Institution Industries!

THE Centennial Medal awarded the Michigan Institution, for good displays, we presume, has arrived. The *Mirror* announces the fact in a four line paragraph, but we suppose it will turn itself inside out next week.

THE name of the "New England Deaf-Mute Literary Society" and "Mission" has been changed to that of the "John Hancock Reading Room". The room is said to be very convenient, and the reading matter of the first class.

THE *Advance*, tickled by the flattery of a deaf-mute, rejoicing in the name of Greeley, wants to know if it is not the *Tribune* of deaf-mutes. No, sir: The *Advance* can't be compared; it stands majestically alone in its utter originality.

The *Tablet* has a letter from a pupil protesting against having his Institution dubbed *Asylum.* How often they, who distribute the mail at an Institution for the deaf and dumb, come across a letter labeled "Asylum for def and dum!"

READER, don't you go near the West Virginia Institution in the night, to have a private inspection of their new green house, and perhaps to get a few samples of tuberose. The watchman there has a spy-glass and numerous concealed weapons.

THERE was an earthquake in Central New York recently, and one of the Associate Editors of the JOURNAL, was roused by the shock, at the bewitching hour of two o'clock A. M., and sent around the house on a hunt for thieves, murderers and other trash.

MR. Rice a deaf-mute 76 years old, graduated from the American Asylum 50 years ago, and is claimed to be the oldest living graduate. He is well off in this worlds goods, having 35 houses in Illinois and Iowa, which he rents, and he has some $8,000 in bank deposits.

MR. J. W. CONKLIN, of the New York Institution, has the thanks of the Itemizer man for a copy of his "Journal" descriptive of the adventures of a vacation's hunt after blue fish. We hope friend Conklin will always be as fortunate in his escapes from land sharks, as he was from the bay monsters.

OF course Mr. *Mirror*, the Illinois Institution is the best in the world. Don't you dare doubt it. Why, sakes alive, just for recreation, they, the other day, took a boy from the Illinois feeble-minded institution and now his teacher reports him at the head of his class? Query: What sort of a class do they have out there?

PROF. F. D. Clarke, of the New York Institution, expounds, in the last *Annals*, on the benefits the pupils derive from the Stereopticon, an instrument used in the Institution chapel, and of which he has charge. It would be a good thing if every Institution had such an educational appendage. It costs but between $500 and $600 complete.

WHILE Dr. Gallaudet was recently in Montreal he took breakfast with Mr. Mackay, the donor of the Cote St. Anthony Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at whose house he was cordially and hospitably received, as well as by all the deaf-mutes and their friends. He left on the evening of the 21st for Newburyport, Mass., bearing with him the prayers and good wishes of many new-made friends.

SOMEWHERE, in the *Annals* we think, any how it was some time ago,, we read of a man who was going to patent a sort of sound-magnet, by which the deaf-mute in many instances would be placed on equal footing with all the world. Placed in a convenient pocket, next to a sensitive nerve we suppose, a sound wave would reach it and cause a warning vibration, and the wearer, if on a railroad track, could jump off before the engine reached him. That this is an awful handy thing is a foregone conclusion; and we wish they would hurry and get it out. We want to take it to bed with us, so that when next an earthquake omes along, we can enjoy the shock from afar

Local Paragraphs.

Miss Fannie Becker, of Vassar College, came home sick last week.

E. L. Huntington contemplates building a new house next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Ballard have moved into Mrs. VanDuzee's house.

Miss Nellie Jones, of Sand Hill, visited friends in this village this week.

Miss—Lyman will teach the primary department of Dist. No. 8 (Brick school house), next term.

T. G. Brown has nearly completed the improvements on his house, and it now presents a very fine appearance.

Delos Nichols butchered a pig a few days ago, eight months old, that weighed, when dressed, 428 lbs.

Mrs. Job Sherman has been suffering considerably for a few days past with diptheria. She is recovering.

"Grandmother" Wickwire, who has been quite sick for a few days, is better and quite smart again. She is in her ninety-fourth year.

Whipple & Gass have lately received a stock of new goods. They have recently added undertaking to their furniture business.

Peter McKindley has bought a building lot of L. L. Virgil on Railroad street, and intends to erect a house thereon next year.

If you wish to spend an evening pleasantly and profitable go and hear Locke Richardson's Readings, at the Presbyterian Church, Friday evening.

S. M. Bennett, of this village, who is studying medicine at Adams, has come home to teach school in Dist. No. 9. He will continue his medical studies next spring.

Jesse Burdick, of this town, butchered three hogs, last week, one year old, that weighed, dressed, 1,040 lbs. Their respective weights were 340, 349 and 351 lbs. each.

Nicholas Knight, of this village, a graduate of our Academy, is teaching the winter term of school at Grafton Square. His school opened on Monday of this week.

Mr. Dillon is fixing up the interior of the Empire House in very comfortable and convenient style, and from the recommends he brings with him, it is hoped he will keep a model hotel.

The stock of goods and fixtures belonging to the shop recently occupied by William Ely were sold last Saturday, by Deputy Sheriff Simons. Henry Penfield bid $1,675, the highest offer, to whom it was sold.

Dewey's cheese factory closed for this season about the first of November. The 800 boxes of cheese on hand were sold last week to Mr. Stebbins, of Watertown. The August make sold at $11\frac{1}{4}$ and the rest for $12\frac{1}{8}$ cents per pound.

The Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Societies will hold Thanksgiving Services to-day at 11 o'clock, at the M. E, Church; sermon by Rev. W. F. Hemenway. Services will also be held at Grace (Episcopal) Church, by the Rector, Rev. Dr. Cross. The Universalist Society will have preaching at Church, at 11 A. M.

"Nick" Delore, who has been working for William Hall, barber, being part French, by blood, took "French leave" of absence one day last week. Rumor, sometimes, is hardly reliable, but she says, if her memory serves her right, and she thinks it does this time, several dollars of Wiley Barker's money followed him away. Wiley don't care so much about the money, but he thinks he would like to know what has become of "Nick."

Mrs. Philip Smith, one of our old residents, died last Sunday, after a very short sickness. She was at church on the Sunday previous to her death, and little was it thought that she was so near the end of life's journey. Her funeral took place at 10:30 A. M., Tuesday, at the M. E. Church, of which she was a worthy member. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. W. F. Hemenway. A large attendance at the funeral testified to the estimation in which Mrs. Smith was held, not only as a church member, but also as a highly respected member of society. The family of the deceased have the sympathy of many friends.

Delia Gleason, of this village, died last Friday, after a short, but severe sickness. We hear that Dr. J. W. Huntington, her physician, pronounced her complaint diptheria and scarlet fever. She was taken suddenly sick on Thursday morning, the day previous to her death; the Dr. was summoned, and did all in his power to save her life, but, notwithstanding his best efforts and the kind care and attention of the family, she passed away on the following morning. The funeral services were held on Monday, at the Catholic Church, in this town. The family of the deceased little girl have the sympathy of this community.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The Duke of Norfolk and Lady Flora Hastings were married at Prompton, England, on the 21st inst.

Phillips & Co., bankers of Georgetown, O., have failed. Their liabilities are about $85,000.

The New York *Evening Mail* was sold by the sheriff, on the 22d. The purchasers were Clark Bell and William H. White.

—A dispatch, received at London, Nov. 22d, from Bucharest, stated that the bombardment of Plevna had commenced.

—The steamer J. B. Walker, which sailed from New Haven, Oct. 23, with wax materials for the Turkish government, has arrived at Constantinople.

—Jack Hunt, the Munroe County, Tennessee, wife murderer, who was to be hanged on the 29th inst., has been respited till December 18th, to prepare for death.

—Burr, who killed keeper Casler, in Auburn Prison, last February, was last week convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in Auburn Prison.

—A little girl, of Newark, N. J., a few days ago, while putting on her shawl swallowed a shawl pin, three inches long, with a glass head. The physicians have but little hope of her recovery.

—Mr. and Mrs. Horn, of Brazoria, Texas, who had been married but four days, were crossing the Brazos river, when Mrs. Horn became frightened and changed her position in the boat, in doing which she lost her balance and fell overboard. Mr. Horn sprang into the water to rescue her, but she clutched him, and clung to him with such tenacity that they were both drawn under the current and drowned.

—A London despatch, dated November 15th, stated that a special had been received from the seat of war in the East, announcing that the Russians had captured Kars. 15,000 Russians climbed the steep rocks, walls, and ramparts and stormed an equal number of Turks, compelling them to die or surrender. A later despatch stated that the capture of Kars was followed by a complete rout of the Turks. The battle began Saturday evening, the 17th, and continued throughout the night. The fighting was desperate on both sides. The Turks suffered fearfully in killed and wounded. Count Grabbe was killed while leading his brigade against one of the redoubts. The Russian victory was complete.

HOW HE ENJOYS MARRIED LIFE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Wish me great joy, as I am married to my girl, whose name was Maggie Falsey. She has no education, but she is a valuable servant in the family of a lawyer at Binghamton. I can teach her soon.

I want you to publish to all your subscribers that we were married last Sunday evening at 5:30 [illegible] We had a good time, a large, good supper and danced at our wedding. We came to the house of two deaf-mutes to stay this week. We are going to Port Jervis on a wedding tour, and will visit at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Butts.

Yours Truly,
JOHN J. KENNEDY.

Fremont Centre, Sullivan Co., N. Y., Nov. 21, 1877.

MARRIED:

KENNEDY—FALSEY—In Binghampton, N. Y. Nov. 18, 1877, Mr. John R. Kennedy, of Fremont Centre, N. Y., and Miss Maggie Falsey, of the former place. (Our thanks are due for cards accompanying the above notice.

PRUYN—CUDDEBACK—At the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Mr. DeGarme, Mr. Abram B. Pruyn, of Phelps, N. Y., and Miss Minnie A. Cuddeback, of Lyons, N. Y.

MORSE—BRINK—At the residence of the bride's parents, in East Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 13, 1877, by Rev. E. E. Castor, Mr. Augustus W. Morse and Miss Ida M. Brink, all of East Saginaw.

DIED:

BENEDICT—In Ovid, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1877, Harriet D., wife of John Benedict, of Savanna, N. Y., aged 62 years.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spring $6 80 Red 7 20 White	8 00
Meal, ℔ cwt, (retail)	1 30
Shorts, ℔ ton,	$18 00
Shippings, ℔ ton,	$20 00
Middlings, ℔ ton,	$24 00
Corn,	70
Oats,	35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter,	15 @ 22
Loose Butter,	12 @ 18
Cheese,	11 @ 13
Lard,	11
Eggs, ℔ dozen,	20
Beef, ℔ lb,	05 @ 12½
Beef, ℔ cwt.,	$4 @ 6
Mutton, ℔ cwt.,	$6 @ 9
Pork, ℔ barrel, retail,	$15
Pork, ℔ cwt.,	$5 @ 5½
Apples, (dried) ℔ lb.,	04
Ham, ℔ lb.,	11½
Dressed Poultry, ℔ lb.,	6 @ 8
Potatoes, ℔ bush	35@40
Beef Hides, ℔ lb	5 @ 6

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

THE CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

We are all at work in dead earnest, having got into our new school house about a month ago. It is a great thing for a two-year-old institution to be able to say this. The first floor of the new building consists of four school-rooms, fitted up with large slates, very fine, and desks to accommodate twenty in each room. And though we may be lacking the *ornament* found in older and richer schools, yet, for solid comfort and utility, our new school house is second to none on earth. We have a fine Graphic Base Burner in each school room. The second and last floor is 40x40, monopolized wholly as a chapel and lecture room. We have a spacious platform, and seating capacity of over two hundred and fifty, and all is warmed by a colossal stove that evidently understands its business. If it plays us false when our regular Roman winter comes, why, out it goes.

We have daily morning services, in addition to the regular Sabbath discourse. The school-rooms and chapel being in the same building, the transfer from one to the other is done with neatness and despatch.

Besides this house, devoted exclusively to school purposes, we retain two of our old school-rooms in what are known respectively as the "brown" and the "white" house. When our order for additional slates and desks is filled, we will have them fitted up in proper shape. Our attendance is 108, and we cannot very well take more than 110, and do not propose to. If we are ever allowed, by our rich commonwealth, to spend a few thousands in building according to our ideas of the fitness of things, well and good, otherwise we shall keep the even tenor of our way, mind our own business, henceforth as heretofore, and pray that *others* will mind *theirs*.

The changes in the *personnel* of the officers have been recorded heretofore, and there remains nothing at present to chronicle for the friends of the school, except that we are well and busy. C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1877.

DOINGS AT THE NEW YORK DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My last letter having been quite a lengthy one, I hope your readers will make due allowance for the shortness and sterility of the present.

On Monday, the 19th inst., we celebrated with becoming ceremony, the eighty-third anniversary of the birth of that pioneer of deaf-mute education in the United States, Harvey Prindle Peet, Ph. D., LL. D., lately deceased. On this occasion the hours of school and work were shortened, allowing us sufficient time to consider more attentively the benefits realized by the deaf and dumb of the United States from the earnest endeavors and appeals of this truly good man. At 1 o'clock P. M., the pupils, to the number of five hundred, assembled in the chapel, where for two hours they were entertained by the teachers in succession, with the recital of anecdotes of their departed friend and former principal. Most of these were of a laughable character, and added immensely to the mirth and good humor that prevailed; especially that one told by one of our speaking teachers, who, hoping to gain the good will of Dr. Peet, once presented him with a cigar of the finest brand, but learned to his discomfiture that he never smoked. Ever after he held the Dr. in awe, and was very careful never to smoke in his presence.

Our printers have become so well acquainted with their business that it has become necessary to enlarge their office and add several new articles to their outfit. Among the latter is one of the celebrated Cottrell & Babcock cylinder presses The press is very beautiful in appearance, and takes up twice as much room as the small affair formerly used. It has a bed 31x43 inches, and turns out 1,000 impressions per hour. It is a gift from the Board of Directors, who thus show their appreciation of the endeavors our boys are making to become good printers. With these increased facilities we hope to turn out our little pride, *The Educator*, much earlier each month than heretofore.

The knowledge that old Boreas will soon be amongst us seems to inspire the male pupils with the determination of reaping as much pleasure as possible, as long as the present fine weather lasts. The air being keen and bracing, and the ground in a fit condition, they enjoy their out-door sports very much. The favorite sports at present are hopping, jumping, throwing shot, and running during play hours. The male's play grounds have the appearance of a miniature battle field, the leaden shot whizzing through the air in almost every direction. But they are not used as instruments of warfare, being simply thrown to test the strength of the persons throwing them. Speaking of this puts me in mind of another athletic club which has been organized here. This time it is the officers and teachers who are forming themselves into an association for the development of the system. It is known as the Fanwood Amateur Athletic Club. Several hearing and speaking young gentlemen living in the vicinity, and also many members of the High Class and First Classes belong to the club. The officers are Francis D. Clarke, President, E. H. Currier, Secretary, and George Foster, Treasurer.

With the advent of the winter season, our thoughts involuntarily revert to the many holidays which annually visit us at this period of the year. The first in order, thanksgiving, will soon be upon us. The mouths of the small fry already water as the dim outline of stuffed turkey, and plum pudding rises up before their minds. Providence has been very kind to us during the past year, and we all have much to be thankful for. Appearances indicate that the good old festival will be celebrated here with the usual lusty cheer. MILO.

Washington Heights, Nov. 21, 1877.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1877.

Time has dissipated all hope of an adjournment, and Congress has settled down for a long and tedious session. The military Signal Service under its Chief, Gen. A. I. Myer, is growing more and more important to every branch of industry. One hundred and fifty-nine Signal Stations have been kept up during the year; furnishing daily reports of coming storms for the benefit of agricultural and commercial communities. One thousand and ninety-five synopsis and indication reports have been furnished to the public and the press tri-daily, requiring data to be telegraphed from one hundred and twenty-five stations for each report. Over three thousand two hundred miles of wire, requiring but eighty minutes from the transmittal of storm indications at each station to tabulate the data of the main office, and give it to the public and the daily press: eighty per cent. of all indications have proven correct. Cautionary signals have been maintained at forty-seven sea and lake ports, of which seventy-eight per cent. have been verified. Six thousand two hundred and sixty-four Farmer's Bulletins or daily forecasts have been displayed in frames, at so many different post offices in cities, towns and hamlets for the benefit of all classes, announcing in each locality the weather probabilities in every home. "Old Prob's" indications and forecasts are as much a necessity and convenience as a clock. Many evenings find a party of friends in the red room at the White House, who drop in to make a social call on the President and Mrs. Hayes. These gatherings are without formality, and are not unlike social calls so common in our American homes.

Fickle fortune plays strange freaks. The balance of General John C. Fremont's estate was recently swept away by fire; his library, furniture and pictures have all been sold, and his heroic wife "Jessie" is earning a living as a contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, her spare time being devoted to her new book on Foreign Travels, soon to be put in press.

Alexander Shepherd, familiarly known as "Black" "Boss" Shepherd, reputed in the past as being worth his million in whose home, elegant and palatial, the *bon ton* of the Capital, the gay and the culivated ever had entree. Overtaken by unforeseen disasters, and driven into a sea of financial embarrassment he yielded to the storm, and the auctioneer's hammer seals the change of ownership of pictures rare, and works of art from the skilled hands of the old masters.

The President has declared his intentions on the Silver question, and will not approve any measure that shall in the least impair our national credit, or compel the holders of Government securities to receive payment of either principal or interest in a currency less valuable than gold.

Those who aid the Government as contributors to the revenue by the use of liquor or tobacco, must be greatly gratified at the results of the business of last year as shown by the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Liquors paid a tax of $57,469,429.72, and tobacco $41,106,546.92. The largest sum ever realized from this source in any year.

The Democrats are highly elated at the defection of Senators Patterson and Cameron in the Kellogg case, and the Republicans pour obloquy on the head of Senator Sharon for his absence from his seat in this hour of peril to his party. Threats of expulsion are freely made. Messrs. Scudder and Bowditch, of Cambridge, Mass., under the auspices of the Hayden Surveying Expedition, in exploring for fossils in Utah and Wyoming discovered a "buggy locality." Much time was spent in the region of the South Park, and more than seven thousand insects, and over three thousand plants have already been worked out of the Territory strata. These new discoveries will make a most beautiful field of study for enthusiastic naturalists.

The Consular reports to the State Department from nearly every country shows a large increase in the direct trade with the United States. It is suggested that our artizans and mechanics follow as far as possible the tastes of the people in the character of manufactures intended for sale in these various countries. The Belgian Commissioner at the Centennial has organized a company of European capitalists for the purpose of manufacturing plate glass, the works to be located near Pittsburg, Pa.

FAX.

A Birthday Party at East Boston.

The night of the twenty-ninth day of October last witnessed a happy gathering of eighteen deaf-mutes at the comfortable residence of Mr. George A. Holmes, for many years a clerk in the Boston Probate Court. The party was got up to celebrate Mr. Holmes' fortieth birthday, which was happily accomplished. The deaf-mutes enjoyed themselves in sign conversation, and were honored with the fascinating appearance of four speaking ladies, who could use the sign language as well as the others.

Among the deaf-mutes present were Mrs. D. B. Howe and Miss Alice Houghton, of Worcester, Mass. I was overjoyed at meeting them, because I had not seen them for a long time. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes treated us with a good entertainment, and the meeting was broken up in a very good spirit.

East Boston is to Boston what Brooklyn is to New York. I remember very well when East Boston was a mere island, with two or three houses on it, and I used to see cattle grazing there; but now it has become a large city.

May God ever bestow health, happiness and prosperity upon Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Biddeford, Me., Nov. 19, 1877.

Ascending the Mountains--Robbed at a Hotel.

AREAS, St. Paulo, Oct. 10, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am happy to say I have arrived here, but I have so much to do, and so many places to go to, that I have not time to write a long letter. I have now a journey before me of three days on mule back, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and no beds to sleep in, but obliged to sleep on the floor.

In all my travels, I am glad to say I have not encountered any tigers, or other dangerous wild animals, but there are many venemous snakes in this country.

The sun is so scorching hot that it is impossible to wear thick clothes, and, even with the lightest of clothing, I am completely burnt up. The heat exceeds 130 degrees Fahrenheit.

I had the misfortune to be robbed of $380 at a hotel in Rio, and the police authorities are so lax that I could not find any trace of the thief. I am so very much dissatisfied with South America that I shall only stay one day at Rio Grande de Sul, two days at Montevideo, Uruguay, Buenos Ayres, Argentine, Assuncion, Paraguay, Valparaiso, Chili, Mexico, Cuba, and get back as soon as I possibly can.

Yours truly,
JACQUES LOEW.

A Deaf and Dumb Man's Enemy Dead.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 23, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—James Cogan, a burglar, just died in Bordentown, confessed that he was one of the party who attempted to murder and rob, and then burn the house over the body of Joseph Potts, a deaf and dumb man, three miles from Bordentown; that one of the party had been instantly killed by a shot from Potts, and buried in the woods, and that William Brotherton, truck driver of Burlington, was another of the party. The latter has been arrested.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET IN MONTREAL, CANADA.

WHAT WAS DONE IN THAT CITY.

Last evening a most interesting service—the first of its kind in this Province, was held in Christ Church Cathedral, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of the New York Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, being assisted by the Rev. Canon Baldwin, Rev. Jas. Carmichael and Rev. J. G. Baylis in conducting it. His Lordship the Metropolitan was present, also Messrs. Joseph Mackay, Fred. Mackenzie, Charles Alexander and a large number of the friends of the Institution.

It was found necessary to change the original arrangements and use the body of the church to accommodate the large congregation. The service opened with the singing of the hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

Rev. Canon Baldwin then read the lessons, which were interpreted by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in the sign language. A passage of Scripture having been read by Rev. J. G. Baylis, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave an address in reference to his work among deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York. He stated that the sign language was not the same in all countries. This was the case also in regard to the alphabet systems. In England both hands were used, while in the United States the single-hand alphabet was preferred. The dumb language used in the United States was derived from the French. The first school was established in Hartford, Conn., in 1817, by the speaker's father, the late Thomas Gallaudet, who learned the system from the Abbe de l' Epee. The one great object which this method of sign language has in view is to lead deaf-mutes to learn the English language and understand English sentences. A deaf-mute had a great deal to learn in order to be able to join in such a service as that just held. A large number of persons learn the dumb language, but they can only converse with educated deaf-mutes. In explaining the course pursued with deaf-mute children, he said they required something to take the place of sound. He then illustrated

THE LANGUAGE OF SILENCE

by repeating the Lord's Prayer, interpreting each word as he proceeded. In reference to his work in New York, and elsewhere, he said: We can only hold service in the sign language in large cities. Educated deaf-mutes can attend divine service in other churches, and with the help of friends be enabled to follow the service of the Episcopal Church. In St. Ann's Church, N. Y., a service for deaf-mutes was held every Sunday afternoon. The rector went through the service and preached a sermon in the sign language. Without this language the deaf-mute would be left ignorant of the world and its life-work, and, above all, of a knowledge of the Great Being above. By education deaf-mute children were led step by step until they got ideas of God. They are able to learn of God's dealings with men, and could sit down and read their Bible and understand it. They could also gather around the table of the Lord's Supper, and receive that spiritual blessing which all enjoyed. For the education of deaf-mutes there was a flourishing institution in Belleville, Ont., which he had the pleasure of visiting yesterday. In this city they had two institutions—Protestant and Catholic. The work which he particulary represented was the church work; he began a life work years ago in New York by teaching a Bible-class for deaf-mutes, which had an attendance of eight hundred. From that Bible-class sprung the St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes, held in a wooden building hired for the purpose. During the first year he baptized and confirmed several of his silent congregation. At last it became necessary to provide a larger building; a site was procured on Fifth Avenue, and St. Ann's Church was erected. As general manager of the society he has to travel and visit the various branches of the society instituted in the largest cities. He visited Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities and held services. St. Ann's Church gave birth to a society for the benefit of deaf-mutes in other cities. One part of the work taken up by the church was the establishment of a home for infirm and aged deaf-mutes. Among eight inmates which this home sustains one is from Halifax. It gave him great pleasure to notice the deep interest taken by many friends in Montreal in this work, especially by Mr. Joseph Mackay. He trusted that an effort would be made to establish a service for deaf-mutes in this city. Rev. Canon Baldwin told him that a room would be provided near the Cathedral, where Mr. Widd would endeavor to meet the deaf-mute men and women of this city once a month, and keep them from wandering away from the Lord.

Mr. Widd then addressed the congregation, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreting it as follows: "I should be much pleased if we had a church for deaf-mutes in Montreal the same as we have in New York, and in London also. The deaf-mute needs spiritual food as much as people who hear do, but they cannot all read and understand the service properly. They need it explained in sign language. If we had a service on Sunday it would keep the deaf and dumb out of temptation. They complain they cannot understand the service, and it has no attraction for them unless in the sign language."

Canon Baldwin said the service must have had a peculiar solemnity for all. We must all feel the great degradation which these in whose interest we are met are suffering from. I trust that many of you here to-night have your names in the Book of Life, and are aware that a time will come when deaf ears shall hear His voice, and the tongue shall speak His praise forever and forever.

The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet referred to a pleasing service he had held for deaf-mutes, in Toronto, the preceding Sunday in St. James' Church, by permission of the brother of Rev. Canon Baldwin. He also related an anecdote of the late Bishop Fulford, who, when preaching on a certain occasion in Trinity Church, New York, was spoken to by the speaker respecting the deaf-mutes On the next Sunday afternoon, the Bishop attended divine service in the little wooden chapel, then used by the deaf-mutes, and after the service, in his own fatherly way, gave a few touching thoughts from that chapter forming the second lesson of the (last) evening, about the Saviour as a Good Shepherd, and which had recalled the circumstances with renewed force to his mind.

Rev. Mr. Carmichael also addressed the congregation, after which a hymn was sung and the service closed with the benediction.—*Montreal Witness.*

DEAF-MUTE LIFE IN MONTREAL.

Several years ago, there migrated, or rather wandered, from Scotland a deaf-mute named O'Gilvie. He informed us that he had very few advantages for procuring a good education and the time he spent within school walls was nothing worth mentioning. He has consequently a meagre education—merely enough to enable him to face the serious duties of life. What he now knows has been acquired by diligent observation, and from other mutes and hearing and speaking people, with whom he has associated.

His life had been a life of perfect drudgery in Scotland, where he worked like a slave, on a farm; his only diet being oatmeal porridge for many years, not knowing what plum pudding meant. Oatmeal porridge is healthy food, but he had to cook it himself in a dirty bed-room, over a sickly fire, very early in the morning, and make his own bed, which consisted merely of straw and a miserable blanket and quilt. From year to year this was his only mode of living.

When he got out of Scotland, this earth which was so gloomy to him before, seemed now a paradise, and he chuckled over his good fortune, came to Canada, obtained a good situation, and was evidently doing well, but he soon abandoned one situation to obtain another, and lost heavily by it.

In 1874 he returned to Scotland, on the receipt of a letter which brought intelligence of his father's approaching death.

He returned on the following year, and, through the assistance of an old friend, procured a good situation as general servant in a confectionary in Montreal, where he learned to make ice-cream and candies. However he grew into intimacy with another mute, and they soon agreed to go to farming. He lost his situation thereby, and the farming turned out a failure, or rather a humbug affair. After this misfortune he went from town to town in quest of a job, or in other words, he turned out a splendid tramp; but, not long after, meeting with a deaf-mute of advanced years named Cloake, a tailor by trade, and an old countryman of his, they agreed to go to Red River and try farming there. Of course they had no capital to begin with, and before long his friend found it necessary to resort to his old occupation (stitching) and went to making pants and vests for the Red River Indians, while O'Gilvie got on as well as he could by turning "jack-at-all-trades." No farm could they procure to their heart's content. It happened that while they were in the "Far West" it was winter, and they came very near being scalped and frozen, several times. For the first time in their lives they experienced Indian life and lived in wig-wams, barns, etc., and were very glad to return as soon as the snow disappeared, and when they found it convenient to do so, wiser, if not better men, fearing the scalping knife, I suppose. They came to Montreal, and gave a glorious report of their adventures and exploits in the west, being more jolly than usual. But why did they return? A kind friend of O'Gilvie's procured him a a situation at his old trade, (ice-cream making), in the same place he had so unwisely abandoned a short period previous, where he is now earning $4 a week and his board.

O'Gilvie is an industrious and honest man, and bears a good reputation. His only fault being a love of roving. He will not believe "a rolling stone gathers no moss." He is a muscular looking fellow, with bushy, red whiskers, and his countenance has a striking resemblance to that of a fox, consequently the mutes call him Mr. Fox. He is truly foxy in his ways, very awkward in company, not listening to reason, saying he knows best, and kind advice is often set at nought.

His greatest anxiety of late has been how best to procure a wife. He has popped the question, unsuccessfully, several times to blushing young deaf-mute damsels. While he was in Toronto last year he formed the acquaintance of a pretty deaf-mute woman named Miss Needham, with whom he fell desperately in love, and lately he wrote to her wishing her to visit Montreal. However, this unwise step has caused him much anxiety, many a sleepless night, many a bitter regret; for the adult mutes soon discovered his object in bringing her to this city, and they immediately became his rivals, with no other object in view than making O'Gilvie jealous. It had the desired effect, for several of the mutes cut him out completely at once. This led O'Gilvie to resort to strategy to frustrate his rivals in their unmanly efforts to rob him of the woman he so dearly and desperately loved. He has consequently found it necessary to carry his plans into execution and hide her away, saying to his enemies that he had sent her home. But the mutes are not to be duped in that way, and they are resolved to fight it out to the bitter end, come what may. At present he has her under lock and key, and between meals and in his spare moments he resorts to her hiding place to see if all is well, and although he has learned what puzzling creatures women are, he swears by all that is good, lovely, sweet, and by the stars above, she is the is the sweetest of womankind, and strives most wonderfully to obtain what men call "sweet woman's love." I look forward to the happy day when he shall be able to call her his "better half," which I hear he will soon have the pleasure of doing.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

PROTESTANT DEAF-MUTES.

SIR:—As one who can speak from experience I would say a few words of appeal on behalf of the deaf-mutes of the Protestant Deaf and Dumb Institution of our city. If there is a class of people more deserving of our charity and pity than another, I think it is those to whom God has denied the power of speech and the great blessing of hearing. They live in a silent world; no voice of parental love, no expressions of affection can ever reach their deadened ears; the sweet sounds of music can never charm, nor the merry laugh of their companions wake a responsive chord in their breasts; and, above all, they hear not the voice of the preacher when he tells of an undying soul to save, a Savior's love and sufferings, the never-ending woes of hell, and the glories of that heaven where there shall be no more sufferings, no more closed ears nor voiceless tongues, but where all shall sing aloud their grateful praises to their Lord and Savior. These poor deaf-mutes have souls, but know it not; they know not who made them, nor who God is, and cannot express their simplest wants, except by signs which but few can understand. Is it not then our duty as Christians, whom God has blessed with both speech and hearing, to contribute all in our power to keep up this excellent institution, where they can receive a good education, and trades, to enable them to support themselves, be useful members of society, and learn the value of the Christian's hope for the future? All interested in the well-being and doing of their fellow-men, would be pleased by a visit to the institution, where they could see what a wonderful work is being carried on among those afflicted ones. G. F. MCIVER.

Montreal, Nov. 14th, 1877.

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FOR
1878.

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They have "mum" parties out West, but they are not patronized by the women.

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

The readers of the JOURNAL will remember that one marked person came to the Mission one day. Words like these passed her lips: "Teacher, you say that I am proud, discontented, because I cannot help feeling that there is a better sort of a life than this dull one I have." Miss Emma did not rebuke her, but, grasping her hand, she said: "I am with you in all good endeavors. Stay with us till we see what can be done;" and she did stay, making herself indispensable to the Mission. All she wanted was to know that there was something for her to do, and with willing hands she did it. Each night, as she laid down to rest, she felt that a day's work of usefulness had been accomplished. Now she had an object in life, she was gaining in her own self-respect. The aspirations of her heart reached out beyond her own individual wants, to others; content, only as she was performing some duty that would send joy or pleasure to some other heart. Her nature had been starving, and in doing for others she did for herself; no matter what the nature of the work was, she performed it well. No one could see her without feeling that her's was a noble nature, refined and delicate, one that deserved promotion. Mrs. Jerome took in all this, and determined that she should stand second to none in their new Home. Her native modesty was beautiful. From her emanated a magnetic charm, irresistible, yet she did not appear to realize that power; if she did, she had too much self-control to exhibit it.

The name of this person was Bella Stewart, and, although she came to them in poverty, she was of no mean orign, by any means. Her father was an officer in the English army, her mother a lady of culture, both from England. Mr. Stewart's health failed; he obtained leave of absence to visit America. He started accompanied by his young wife and child. At their embarkation they were comfortably supplied. The voyage was long and tedious; the sea air, instead of toning him up, prostrated him, and when they reached American shores he was hardly able to walk, but in a few days a change, for the better he hoped, had taken place. But it was illusive, and two weeks after their arrival the spirit of Mr. Stewart had passed over, and the widowed mother and fatherless child were left without their earthly protector, in a land of strangers.

The effort to battle with life was too much for Mrs. Stewart. For a time she managed to maintain herself and child, but not with sufficient food of the kind to make good bone and muscle. It soon told on her, and in three years she, too, passed away, leaving Bella entirely alone among strangers. The child found a home, but it was not at all adapted to her, therefore her discontent, and the spirit which she manifested when she talked to the teacher at the Mission.

One may as well stay the ocean's tide as to stay the spirit of one like her's. The more it is trampled, the more, "Phœnix" like, it will rise. Each defeat will be a victory; each oppression will be a revolt, till the oppressed one becomes emancipated from its thraldom. The element of its own victory lies within. As by the upheaving of the ocean's bed the choice coral is revealed, so it is by the convulsions of nature, and of character that the traits lying dormant are developed and brought to light. The struggles of the mind prepare for great achievements. Nature's throes bring to life apparently dead atoms. The germ is there, and it only needs the electric spark to kindle it and life is manifested, never more to be extinguished. Ye, who trample on such natures, are trampling on life; and the day is not far distant when you will be made to feel the wrong done. For each crime hath, in the moment of its perpetration, its own avenging angel. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." We leave our young friend Bella, as we shall again hear from her in due time.

One morning Mr. Banks walked into the office of Judge Shelby, looking remarkably well pleased as he rubbed his hands while he said, "Judge, that is a noble fellow you introduced into our establishment a few weeks since. There is something about him more than ordinary; yet he seems to have suffered greatly. The other day my Alice came into the office; you know she is about the age of your pet Lilla. I introduced the child to him, telling him her name and age. In a moment his color changed, and tears glistened in his eyes. Do you know whether he has lost a child? I fancy he has, from his manner, and, if so, the poor fellow has suffered greatly." "No use," thought the Judge, "I may as well post up my friend. It must come, sooner or later; why not now?" Accordingly the history was told in as concise a manner as possible. Mr. Banks occasionally took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, the narration so affected him, and instead of being disgusted with Mr. Parker, the bond of union was made stronger. The Judge knew his man. Pure gold is unmistakable. Not only did Judge Shelby tell him of his down-fall, but he let him into the secret that Lilla was his only child. This was the first time that the secret had been revealed, save to the inmates of the Judge's home. Mr. Banks thanked the Judge for the confidence placed in him, in the meanwhile assuring him that not one word should escape him of all that had been told him that morning, neither did he wish Mr. Parker to know that he was in any way acquainted with his life-history.

Splendid man, splendid traits of character. But few among the many are worthy to rank with Mr. Banks in this one thing, to keep religiously in his own breast the sorrows of others. No wonder that whatever he did, or managed, prospered. As each crime has its own avenging angel, so does each high resolve, each pure unselfish, thought, meet its counterpart. "Like begets like." Good deeds are reflected, while wrong deeds do not pass by unheeded.

Mr. Banks retraced his steps to the office with a feeling of tenderness and sympathy too deep for utterance. In his own mind he had resolved, that the future of Mr. Parker's days should be bright, as far as he was concerned. He thought of an only brother, far off in sunny climes, who had wandered, and no one then knew if he were living. "Who knows," he mentally said, "but that Charlie may yet fall into kind hands as friend Parker has? At any rate, I will do by Parker as I would have some one do for Charlie." Ah! that was Mr. Bank's secret sorrow that he carried alone within his own breast. Too sacred was it for rude hands to handle, or cold hearts to know. Strangers did not intermeddle with it. And why? Because they did not know of it! The side glances that Mr. Banks gave to Parker that morning, told unmistakably how deeply interested he was in him. Even poor Parker seemed half inclined to cast his eyes toward his employer much more than usual; yet, true to his calling, he did not, but somehow there came over him that morning a settled calm, a quiet rest, such as mourners have when they have passively submitted to the decrees of Heaven after they have resorted in vain for help from earthly sources.

Dinner hour at lengh arrived. Mr. Banks kindly said: "Come, leave off, it is dinner hour; we will dine together. Parker, I like good company when I eat. Could Mr. Banks have felt that thrill of joy quickening and enlivening the life-blood of that heavy laden heart, it would have been better to him than dollars and cents. Yet the sweet consciousness that he had done a kind act inspired him, especially after he looked into Parker's eyes, and again met the glistening tear drop. How much Parker desired to tell him all, for he did not want to appear in a false light. He knew he had repented, and felt the assurance of forgiveness, and what to do he did not know. It seemed to him that if Mr. Banks could only know what he had suffered, that he then would know why he loved so much, as so much had been forgiven him.

Day's work done; office closed; yet Mr. Banks lingered. He had taken into his mind all these conditions and felt just what Mr. Parker was enduring, so he said: "Now let us have a little chit-chat together." Instantly Parker's countenance changed; a sudden paleness overspread his face. Mr. Banks noticed all as he quickly said: "Friend Parker, I like you." "But," said Mr. Parker in return, "you might not did you know me as I know myself." Mr. Banks felt that the fitness of things had come, so he said: "I know your history; I like you none the less, but shall esteem it a favor, if you will, at proper times, let me into your confidence. I say proper times, I mean by that when you and I are alone." That was enough. Parker broke down, and wept those tears that only true and noble natures weep; the sweetest tears that mortals weep, even those rain drops of contrition that angels bend over to kiss away. Now all barriers were removed; one in heart, one in aim.

In order to re-assure Mr. Parker, his friend told him of his sorrows regarding an only brother.

The prayer was uttered: "Father as thou hast saved me, save, oh save that brother," to which Mr. Banks groaned out "amen."

The hour had come for parting. With a hearty shaking of hands they both left, each feeling better, both determined to do effective work in the cause of reform, of temperance.

The deeds of that hour, in that office, had been already noted in God's Book of remembrance. The recording angel had it written down in living letters, never to be effaced.

The hidden hand was doing its work, while the quiet doings of both Judge Shelby and Mr. Banks would, ere long, reap a rich harvest.

That short but earnest prayer had arrested a man, just as he was putting another glass to his parched lips, as his eyes rested on a newspaper, lying on the counter of the bar-room.

"The next meeting of the Women's Temperance Union will be addressed by G. O. Barnes, Esq., at the Town Hall, next Monday evening, at 7:45." That notice caused that man at the counter to set down his glass of whiskey. Then the wonder was, "How did that paper come here?" It was soon answered, for a young man just then stepped up and took the paper. He was a stranger to all present. Poor reeling Charlie went towards the stranger, and asked him if he knew that man? The response was, "Yes; I reside in the same place he does. He is one of nature's noblemen, a great advocate for temperance, highly respected, valued and prized by all classes. Even the inebriate loves that man. Oh! if you only knew him as I do, you, too, would love him. He it was, by God's grace, that turned me, and led me from my evil companions; and that is not all; I am employed by that house as their traveling agent, at a salary of twenty-five hundred a year. Is not that better than being a drunkerd, my friend?" Calling that tottering one "my friend," touched that heart, and he groaned out, "That man is my only brother." Instantly the stranger recognized a resemblance. He did not chide him; no, no; but he put his arm within his as he said: "This is no place for you,—come with me, journey with me. I will furnish you a suitable outfit;" and he did, and on they journeyed, each day imparting strength to the victim, as well as courage. Two months passed away, then came the time for a return to Banks & Co's.

All these weeks not one line had been written to the house about this long-lost brother. He had been carefully watched by the young man, and was now looking well and neatly. So when Mr. Preston arrived at the office, and reported business transactions, and receipts had been passed, an interview, a private one, was asked by Mr. Preston, of Mr. Banks. In compliance with the wish expressed, they both went into an inner office; then, and there Mr. Preston took from his pocket-book a likeness and handed it to Mr. Banks, without note or comment. The hand that held that likeness trembled. In another moment came the words, "Where is he? That is my only brother Charlie. When was this taken? He looks well. Oh! I feared he was no longer among the living." "Yes, sir, he is; and if you will accompany me, I will now take you to where he is." As Mr. Banks walked out of his place of business, the clerks remarked how flushed he appeared. Do you wonder at it reader? Who would not have been? We will not describe that meeting; words fail. The story was soon told. Mr. Banks knew it all; his brother was saved, all through that stray newspaper reaching that bar-room. Who will doubt that special Providence?

Thus, link by link, life's great chain is made; thus, link by link, one after another of families' broken chains are gathered and relinked, till the chain reaches from earth to heaven, held fast by hidden hands, as the quiet doings of the ever faithful.

A Lost Son.

MONROE, Mich., Nov. 7, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I wish you would have the kindness to confer a favor on me by publishing the following notice in your paper in reference to my afflicted, absent son. Also request exchanges to copy.

Yours fraternally,

W. R. NORTHROP.

William Elliott Northrop, a young man about twenty-four years old, has not been heard from by his friends since about the 9th of May last. He spent the most of last winter in delivering lectures in the sign language, in various parts of Ohio. He lectured in Indiana, at Union City, the 1st of May. Fears are entertained that some misfortune has befallen him. Any person knowing anything relative to said son would confer a great favor on anxious parents by writing to his father, Rev. W. R. Northrop, Monroe, Michigan, Box 202.

Useful Information.

Strong lye will remove coal oil from boards.

The finest kinds of writing paper are made from the white ends of asparagus, which consist almost entirely of tough vegetable fibres.

A cheap but good mucilage may be made by macerating five parts of good glue to twenty parts of water, for 24 hours, adding twenty parts of rock candy and three parts of rock salt.

A good ink for stenciling boxes is made of sulphate of manganese two parts, lampblack one part, sugar four parts, all in fine powder, and triturated to a paste with a little water.

Packing paper may be made water-tight by dissolving ⅛ lb. of white soap in 1 quart of water, and in another quart ⅛ oz. of gum arabic, and 1 oz. of glue. The paper is soaked in the mixture and hung up to dry.

To make rubber cement: Fill a bottle one tenth full of native India rubber cut in shreds. Pour in benzine until the bottle is three-fourths full. Shake every few days until the mixture becomes as thick as honey. This dries quickly.

Receipt for making imitation shellac varnish. The following article under this name is used by furniture dealers: Gum sandarac, 1½ lbs.; pale rosin, 1½ lbs.; benzine, two gallons. Dissolve by gentle heat. The varnish is quick drying.

Bronze powder for gilding is thus made: Melt together in a crucible, over a clear fire, equal parts of silver and white oxide of tin; keep them stirred with the stem of a glass rod till they assume the appearance of a flaky yellow powder.

For purifying rancid butter, use 1 pint of water to each pound of butter, previously adding 20 grains of chloride of lime to each pint of water; wash well the butter in this mixture, afterwards re-wash in cold water and salt; or melt the butter in a water bath with animal charcoal, coarsely powdered and previously well sifted to free it from dust; skim, remove and strain through flannel, then salt.

To cure small skins (say squirrel skins) with the fur on, so as to prevent the fur coming out: After having cut off the useless parts, soak the skin, remove the fatty matter, and soak in warm water for one hour. Mix to a thin paste ½ oz. each of borax, saltpeter, and sulphate of soda. Apply this to the skin and let the latter stand 24 hours. Wash clean, then apply a mixture of 1 oz. sal soda, 2 ozs. hard white soap melted together without being allowed to boil. Put away again for 24 hours in a warm place. After this dissolve 4 ozs. alum, 8 ozs. salt, and two ozs. saleratus in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; then wring out and hang up to dry. When dry repeat the soaking and drying two or three times until the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly smooth the inside with fine sand-paper and pumice-stone.

To make mushroom ketchup: Place agarics of as large a size as you can procure (not worm eaten) layer by layer in a deep pan, sprinkling each layer as it is put in with a little salt; the next day stir them up several times so as to mash and extract their juice. On the third day strain off the liquor, measure, and boil for ten minutes, and then to every pint bottle of the liquor add one-half ounce of black pepper, one-fourth ounce of bruised ginger root, a blade of mace, a clove or two, and a teaspoonful of mustard seed; boil again for half an hour, put in two or three bay leaves, and set aside until quite cold; pass through a strainer and bottle, cork well, and dip the ends in resin. A very little Chili vinegar is an improvement, and some add a glass of strong ale to every bottle. Care should be taken that the spice is not added so abundantly as to overpower the true flavor of the mushrooms.

AN UNIQUE WEDDING.

A wedding somewhat out of the usual order, but doubtless uniting two of the happiest people who ever stood before the altar, was witnessed at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday afternoon. The pair were deaf-mutes, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Hourigan, assisted by Rev. Father Gavin. The groom was Mr. John Kennedy, Jr., of Fremont Centre, Sullivan county, and the bride Miss Margaret Falsey, of this city. The address and marriage vows were uttered through the mediums of signs and writing, and the nuptial knot was tied to the satisfaction of all present. The bride has been for over twelve years a valued servant in the family of Hon. A. E. Andrew, has many friends in town, and received numerous presents. Both she and the groom are highly intelligent persons. They leave for their home in a day or two.—*Binghamton Paper.*

A Fierce Leopard Loose in Ohio.

A telegram from Richwood, Ohio, to the Dayton *Journal*, dated the 13th inst., has this startling story: "The people in the neighborhood of Richwood, Union county, were startled, yesterday, by the report that a wild leopard was ranging the woods. Some boys brought the news. The animal pounced upon them, and one of their number was dangerously injured. Many turned out, and a hunt was begun, with the determination to capture or kill the savage beast. The party had not long been in pursuit, when they encountered the object of their search, and with some disastrous results to themselves. The leopard made a sudden and most unexpected assault upon his pursuers, springing rapidly upon one after another till several were prostrated. John Sterling was badly torn and bitten. John Cahill received several wounds in the head. Mr. Stanmates, two of the Davises, and Mr. Clifton were all very much injured. Two of the party are considered to be in a very criticle condition. It is said that during the chase the leopard was twice shot through the body, and during the fight, while standing over one of the prostrate hunters, the beast was shot a third time. This afternoon the dogs gave the alarm in the woods, about two miles north of Richwood. Half an hour later the men who went in pursuit found a dog that was literally torn to pieces, but the leopard was out of sight. There is, of course, great excitement among the people in town and county over the appearance of the ferocious animal. The supposition is that it escaped from a menagerie, though no exact description has yet been given of its color or size."

SOMETHING NEW.

Postmaster-General Key has addressed the following letter to postmasters throughout the country, and they will be placarded conspicuously in their respective offices:

Postmasters are required to keep a complaint book in which all letters reported to them as lost are to be entered; and after making examination in their offices, they are required to report the loss at once. The public are also invited to report promptly all losses or irregularities to the chief special agent, post-office department, Washington, D. C., and investigation will follow. If all losses should be promptly reported, it will be the means of correcting the irregularities, and the interest of the public as well as the efficiency to the postal service will be enhanced in a most important degree. The omission of the county in the address of letters is one of the great causes of delay and mis-sending.

THE UNLOOSED TONGUE.

It is related that Crœsus, the king of Lydia, had a much-loved son who was dumb; but, unlike most such persons, his misfortune was not accompanied by deafness. He could apparently hear everything distinctly, was intelligent, and was an idolized child in the king's palace. But although the united skill of all the best physicians in the kingdom was employed, every effort proved vain in loosening the fettered tongue.

Thus he passed the years of his childhood and boyhood in the splendid mansion of his father, observing all its pomp and glory, and seeming to understand all, yet moving about with perfect muteness, never uttering a single word. But as the years passed, misfortune overtook the king, who was considered at that day the richest in the world.

His powerful enemy, the Persians, came against him. His army was defeated, and Crœsus himself was taken prisoner, with his unfortunate son. But the king being in disguise the soldiers who took him dreamed not of the prize in their hands, and were about to slay him. The mute son saw the uplifted sword that was ready to strike down the king, and he was convinced that the men knew not their captive, but would spare him could they know. Oh, that he had power to tell them! His love for his father—the passion of his life—all arose for utterance in that one moment of agony. That unutterable wish to save was instinctively put forth in a mighty struggle for words, when lo! the fettered tongue unloosed, and the first words of his life broke out in the impassioned cry, "Don't slay him! That is the king!"

The falling sword was arrested, the king was saved, and the blessing which all the physicians of the kingdom had failed to bestow upon the mute, he received through his love for his father.—*American Messenger.*

MAKE no more vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

DR. PIERCE'S STANDARD REMEDIES

Are not advertised as "cure-alls," but are specifics in the diseases for which they are recommended.

NATURAL SELECTION.

Investigators of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that vouchsafes thrift and perpetuity. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of man? An inferior cannot supersede a superior article. By reason of superior merit, Dr. Pierce's Standard Medicines have outrivaled all others. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Alternative, or Blood-cleansing.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Pectoral.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is a Cholagogue, or Liver Stimulant.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Is Tonic.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

By reason of its Alterative properties, cures Diseases of the blood and Skin, as Scrofula, or King's Evil; Tumors; Ulcers or Old Sores; Blotches; Pimples; and Eruptions. By virtue of its Pectoral properties, it cures Bronchial, Throat and Lung Affections; Incipient Consumption; Lingering Coughs; and Chronic Laryngitis. Its Cholagogue properties render it an unequaled remedy for Biliousness; Torpid Liver, or "Liver Complaint;" and its Tonic properties make it equally efficacious in curing Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and Dyspepsia.

Where the skin is sallow and covered with blotches and pimples, or where there are scrofulous swellings and affections, a few bottles of Golden Medical Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from *Torpid Liver* or *"Biliousness."* In many cases of *"Liver Complaint,"* only part of these symtoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy.

P. P. P. P.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

Purely Vegetable. No care required while using them.

The "Little Giant" Cathartic, or **Multum in Parvo Physic,** scarcely larger than mustard seeds, and are sugar-coated. They remove the necessity of taking the great, crude, drastic, sickening pills, heretofore so much in use.

As a remedy for Headache, Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head, Tightness about the Chest, Bad Taste in Mouth, Eructations from the Stomach, Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Pain in the Kidneys, Highly-colored Urine, and Internal Fever, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are unsurpassed. Furthermore, I would say that their action is universal, not a gland escaping their sanative impress. Age does not impair the properties of these Pellets. They are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are always fresh and reliable. This is not the case with those pills which are put up in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. The daily use of two Pellets has cured the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Sore Eyes and Eruptions. They are, however, recommended to be taken in connection with the Golden Medical Discovery, in order to secure the best results.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

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Favorite Prescription is a Powerful Restorative Tonic to the entire system. It is a nervine of unsurpassed efficacy, and, while it quiets nervous irritation, it strengthens the enfeebled nervous system, thereby restoring it to healthful vigor. The following diseases are among those which the Favorite Prescription has worked magic cures viz: Leucorrhœa, or "Whites," Excessive Flowing, Painful Menstruation, Unnatural Suppressions, Weak Back, Prolapsus, or falling of the Uterus, Anteversion, Retroversion, Bearing-down Sensation, Chronic Congestion, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Uterus, Internal Heat, Nervous Depression, Debility, Despondency, and very many other chronic diseases peculiar to women, but not mentioned here.

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